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CYRUS HAMLIN

D.D., LL.D.

Missionary, Statesman, Inventor

A Life Sketch

by

A. R. THAIN, D.D.

**American Board of Commissioners
for Foreign Missions, Boston, Mass.**

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A Biographical Number

We present a rarely interesting number of our little quarterly, of a biographical character. The subject chosen is the famous Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, one of the most unique and original figures in the history of missions. He belongs in the front rank of our American Board heroes. Many have read his autobiography and know of the charm of his personality and the fascination of his life story. But many have not; and for lack of time are not likely to peruse this volume from his own pen. We, therefore, have asked Dr. A. R. Thain to furnish our readers with a condensed account of Dr. Hamlin. He has done this with rare skill and places us all under obligation. We suspect our subscribers will welcome other biographical sketches from time to time, and it is quite possible we may be able to accommodate them.

Did you see that coin card which fell out when you opened this number? A gentle hint that we would like very much to have you insert a ten cent piece and send to us so that we may count you as one of our circle for another year.

CORNELIUS H. PATTON,

Home Secretary.



Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., LL. D.

By A. R. Thain, D. D.

The American Board and Cyrus Hamlin were born only six months apart. The Board was born at Bradford, Massachusetts, June 29, 1810, and Cyrus Hamlin was born at Waterford, Maine, January 5, 1811. The infancy of the Board was very short. It drank of the brook in the way — God's brook — lifted up its head and looked on world-wide fields white already to harvest, and ordained the first foreign missionaries ever sent out from America, on the next day after the birth of Cyrus Hamlin. He had a longer infancy, but we shall soon see that he showed a genius for doing things when he was quite young. If not a Hercules in the cradle, he was a Hamlin, and early in life — as well as in his mature strength — he could strangle the serpents of circumstance with strong grip.

The Hamlin Ancestry.

The Hamlins were descended from the Huguenots, and the Huguenots are the Yankees of France, skillful, liberty-loving, and resourceful. Before the Revolutionary War the grandfather of Cyrus — Eleazer Hamlin, dwelt in Massachusetts, a man of large family and large ideas.

He had seventeen children, and one by one as they were born he claimed the continents of the earth for his family, at least, in selecting names for his sons. His first-born son was named Africanus, the second Americus, the third Asiaticus, and the fourth Europus. Having — nominally—conquered all the continents of the world, he next began to name his sons after famous conquerors. Twin sons invaded the world as though they could not wait for separate sequential births, and together they went forth to conquer, bearing the great names of Cyrus and Hannibal. Of these twin brothers Hannibal served his generation in various honorable ways, but chiefly by giving to the world a son, that Cyrus who was destined to win inter-continental reputation by eminent missionary labors.

Three of Eleazer's sons fought in the Revolutionary War to the end, and as a reward for such faithful service the Massachusetts legislature gave to the father a considerable tract of land in the "District of Maine." But it proved to be, like the gifts of the Grecians, dangerous to deal with. Though it was not filled with hostile men — like the famous wooden horse — yet it abounded in predaceous bears. It was so sterile, rocky, and wild, that it could produce nothing except spruce trees and bears.

But four of Eleazer Hamlin's sons also received grants of land, in Waterford, Maine, where the soil was better, and the bears were not so numerous; and there Hannibal cleared a piece of land in 1799-1800, and after building a house and barn went to Acton, Massachusetts, and was joined in marriage to Susan Faulkner, the beautiful daughter of Colonel Faulkner, a soldier of Revolutionary fame.

Four children were born to them: Susan, Rebecca, Hannibal, and Cyrus. When Cyrus was seven months old his father died, leaving to the care of the widow two farms, two girls, and two boys, the youngest having so large a head compared with his frail body that the Cassandras of the neighborhood warned his mother that she must "never expect to raise that child."

But, like that Cyrus named in the Bible, of whom God said, "whose right hand I have holden to subdue nations before him," the feeble infant born in Maine had been raised up for a special

purpose, and during nine victorious decades he showed ability, God enabling him, to "break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut asunder the bars of iron."

Early Schooling.

Cyrus was in school all the time, ever learning, and ever able to come to the knowledge of the truth. His first school was that Maine farm; his first teacher was his mother; and his constant teacher was mother nature, stern yet kindly. She taught him even how to fall downstairs — to his advantage. When he was between three and four years old he rolled downstairs one day, and John Atherton, the fun-loving hired man who had just come from the hay-field with a delicious bumblebee honeycomb in his hand, picked up the bawling, black and blue boy, gave him the honeycomb, and told him that he could have another honeycomb if he should fall down that flight of stairs again. Whether intentionally or not, the boy took two post-graduate courses down those stairs before sundown. He was covered with bruises, but he received as rewards the Homeric laughter of John Atherton, and three honeycombs. His falls from that time on were falls up stairs; and that full hive of bitter-sweet experiences, "My Life and Times," shows that he could extract something sweeter than even the famed honey of Hymettus, from the wormwood and rue of Turkish duplicity.

Subjects for Eclogues.

A series of Eclogues, or Bucolics, might have been written on the fortunes of that Maine farm, if a Maine Virgil had been there to put them into verse: how Cyrus and his brother, with no better tool than a homely horn-handled jackknife, made sleds for coasting and for drawing wood; how, in their early teens, with a more varied but still limited kit of tools, they renewed the worn-out farm implements, making ox-bows, yokes, and tip-carts which called forth the admiration of the neighbors; how Hannibal and Cyrus conducted campaign after campaign of cultivation over the fields of that stony farm with a success which did not sully the fame of the ancient conquerors whose names they bore; how, on a certain training day, when Mrs. Hamlin had given

Cyrus seven cents with which to buy gingerbread, buns, or anything for which his soul lusted — with the suggestion that he might drop one or two cents of it into the missionary box kept by Mrs. Farrer — he, after struggling with hunger and with a difficult problem for hours, finally cast into the Lord's treasury all that he had, even all his living, because he did not know how to divide seven cents equally; and how — but time would fail me to give all the subjects of the unwritten Eclogues, and it will be enough to say that the education of Cyrus was going on all of the time, in the district school part of the year, and on the farm all the year, fitting him for that varied work which he accomplished in Turkey, when he turned his ready hand to whatsoever he found to do, with all his might, and with astonishing success.

His Apprenticeship.

When Cyrus was about sixteen years old it was decided that his head was too large and his body was too frail for farm work. Dr. Gage, the wise family physician, said: "The boy does not grow. He has not grown for three years. Farm work will kill him. Give him an education."

To give him the moon, seemed to be as much within the reach of the mother at that time; and so it was decided that Cyrus should become a silversmith and jeweler, in the establishment of his brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Farley, of Portland.

With a spirit as resolute as that of Hannibal when he set out to climb the Alps and invade Italy, the brothers joined their forces for the first day's march of that new campaign. On January 6, 1827, a day of storm and severe cold, with their faithful old mare hitched to a sleigh containing the trunk of the younger brother and a load of farm produce for the Portland market, they covered forty miles in sixteen hours, arriving at Mr. Farley's house cold, hungry, and tired, but happy.

Was it a Waste of Time?

Why did God permit the future missionary to spend two years and four months of his valuable life in the shop of a silversmith? For the same reason that He permitted an earlier missionary

to learn the trade of tent-making. It was part of his education. Like other men of note he was to receive a composite education: intentional, and providential; human, and divine. He was the Lord's apprentice, and the Master Worker of the Universe saw that the skill which Cyrus gained in the use of tools could be turned to a useful purpose, not only then, but many years afterward on the shore of the Bosphorus.

Twenty-five or thirty years later, when Dr. Hamlin walked through the streets of Constantinople or along the heights where Robert College was to stand, his hat covered the dome of a Polytechnic Institute; for he became master of an astonishing variety of trades, all of which he could use for the glory of God and the good of humanity. He could drive more than a dozen trades, tandem, or abreast, as the case might require; but they never ran away with him, never turned him aside from the leading purpose of his life, the advancement of Christian Education.

One of Dr. Hamlin's admirers once said — half in jest and half in earnest — that he was proficient in sixteen trades and professions; and in his book, "My Life and Times," he permitted his humor to add to this seeming exaggeration by intimating that in this enumeration Dr. Bartol probably did not reckon some of the trades which he learned that he might minister to the needs of sick soldiers during the Crimean War. Some of them were strange trades; but in educating men for their work God often assigns to them tasks, which, for the time, may seem to be interruptions of their life career, but are afterwards seen to be important parts of their training.

An Important Turning Point.

The most important event in the life of Cyrus Hamlin was when he turned to Christ as his personal Saviour, and united with the church of which Dr. Edward Payson was pastor. At that time Mr. Hamlin was attending an evening school for apprentices, and he also began to study the Bible and religious books with great earnestness. A proof of the maturity of his mind is seen in the fact that he turned with eagerness to the Works of Jonathan Edwards, and the thoughts

of that great theologian passed like iron into his blood.

The young apprentice began to attract attention as a writer and speaker. In competition with his fellow apprentices who attended the night-school, he took a prize for the best essay on Profane Swearing. He was much surprised, soon after the production of this essay, when Deacon Isaac Smith asked him if he had ever thought that it might be his duty to prepare for the ministry. He had never thought of it as a probability, and when Mr. Smith and others began to urge him to consider the matter, he saw two serious difficulties in the way of such a course: he had three years yet to serve as apprentice in the shop of Mr. Farley, and he did not see where the money could be secured to carry him through nine years of study.

In deciding, as he did, to study for the ministry if the way should be opened, he was influenced in favor of such a course by that long series of Resolutions which President Edwards had set up along the Appian Way of Duty — as he saw it — of which this is one:

“Resolved. To do whatever I think to be my duty, and most for the good and advantage of mankind in general.”

When the struggle which was going on in his mind became known, Mr. Farley released him from the terms of his apprenticeship, and Dr. Payson's church voted to assist him in securing an education.

And so, eighteen years and four months old, with the love of God in his heart, with a good degree of mechanical skill at the ends of his fingers, with a small sum of money in his pocket, with Edwardian Resolutions in his note-book, with “an excellent spirit” and an excellent spine “in him,” he started for Brighton Academy to begin another stage of his education.

Brighton Academy and Bowdoin College.

Certain Hamlinesque qualities of mind and character developed strength during his academic days. He gave himself to plain living, and strenuous thinking. He learned the first book of the *Æneid* so well that he could repeat it with-

out the text from beginning to end. He sometimes studied from five in the morning until ten at night — breakfasting on mathematics, dining on dead languages, and supping on science, trying to crowd two years of study into one, but taking thought — of that kind — did not hinder him from adding more inches to his physical stature that year than in any previous year of his life.

Cyrus Hamlin not only profited by the studies of his college course, but he added something to his studies which was not a part of the curriculum, a providential elective, as his after life revealed. One day Professor Smyth delivered a lecture on the steam engine, to Hamlin's class, not one of whom, perhaps, had ever seen a steam engine. Those were the days of the stage-coach and the ox-team. After the lecture he said to Professor Smyth: "I believe I could make an engine that would make any one see its working."

The Professor replied: "I think you can make anything you undertake, Hamlin, and I wish you would try."

He did try, and succeeded. He took a vacation of two or three months, read Lardner on the steam engine, secured the use of a shop and tools in Portland, and by working ten, twelve, and sometimes fifteen hours each day, he built a steam engine — not a mere toy, but a working model sufficiently large to be of real service as a part of the philosophical apparatus of the college. He received in payment \$175 — only part of its cost if labor of hand and brain were fully estimated — but it was part of his fitting to be a captain of industry years afterwards, when he was making flour, making bread, and making men.

Seminary Life and Preaching.

After completing his studies in Bowdoin College, Mr. Hamlin went to Bangor Seminary to take his theological course. He had already decided that he would work for the Lord on foreign soil; but the world is large; in what part of it should he labor? China was his first choice, and Africa was his second, but the predestination of Providence was fitting him for work "Among the Turks" — the title of one of his books — though that fact did not come within the horizon of his vision for a number of years.

During his third year in the seminary Mr. Ham-

lin applied to the Board for missionary service, stating his preference for China, or Africa, as fields of labor. In February of that year he received a letter from the Board, appointing him to Constantinople and to education. The news was surprising. The experience was somewhat like that of Ezekiel, when, in the vision of God, he seemed to be transported through space and brought to the city of Jerusalem. To be taken by the Spirit and transported half around the world in an instant, from Canton to Constantinople, almost took away the breath of the modern Ezekiel; but he had enough breath left to enable him to hasten to his room, where he shut himself up with the Lord that he might, with the aid of the Spirit, re-orient himself.

It did not take long. Like Constantine of old, he spread the map of the Eastern World before him, put his finger on the short strait which connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora, and concluded that it was a strategic point of great importance. "It means a good work," he said; "excellent and noble associates, Godell, Dwight, Shauffler, Holmes, and, at Broosa, Schneider and Powers." He accepted the assignment of Providence with joyful alacrity.

And with like joyful alacrity he wished that three desired events might come to him soon after completing his seminary course: to marry, to be ordained, and to depart for Constantinople.

But the officers of the Board informed him that for various reasons he could not be sent at once, and the months of waiting extended into a year's delay. He did not wait in idleness, but preached in various churches as temporary supply, and was invited to become the pastor of the Union Church in Worcester; but he steadfastly set his face to go to Constantinople.

On September 3, 1828, he was married to Henrietta Loraine Jackson, and one month later they sailed for Constantinople, arriving in the city on the twenty-ninth of January, 1829.

Obstacles.

The first need of a missionary is that he should become familiar, as soon as possible, with one or more of the languages used in the country where he is to labor; but Mr. Hamlin soon discovered that the representatives of Turkey and Russia

were trying to lay an embargo on language. He might speak English, but he must remain tongue-tied as to Armenian and Turkish, if craft and force could prevent him from acquiring those languages. His first Armenian teacher had to flee for his life. Mesrobe, his second teacher, was an accomplished Russian Armenian, but soon after Mr. Hamlin began to profit by his valuable instruction the long arm of despotic Russia captured him — with the connivance of the Turkish officials — and he would have been sent to Siberia had he not escaped before reaching Russian soil. The group of missionaries in Constantinople were naturally indignant that Russia should turn her hand against them in such a way, and Dr. Schauffler, as their representative, hastened to the palace of the Russian ambassador and entered a protest against the deportation of Mr. Hamlin's teacher; but Ambassador Boutineff haughtily replied: "I might as well tell you, Mr. Schauffler, that the Emperor of Russia, who is my master, will never allow Protestantism to set foot in Turkey."

But Dr. Schauffler, not at all crushed by such mighty manners — for he outranked Boutineff, being the ambassador of Christ — bowed low to the Russian ambassador, and said with equal dignity and with better backing: "Your Excellency, the kingdom of Christ, who is my Master, will never ask the Emperor of Russia where it may set its foot."

Mr. Hamlin had come from the land of David Crockett, where obstacles cannot long hinder progress. He was sure that he was right and went ahead, in spite of Russia and Turkey. Sooner might they dam the flow of the Dardanelles than to stop the progress of pure religion. The one has the push of the seas behind it, but the other responds to the pull of Omnipotence.

Bebek Seminary.

Mr. Hamlin's first foothold for effective service was Bebek Seminary. It was one of the most unique institutions ever established, as to means of support and modes of training. It was designed to promote the education of advanced students through the medium of the English language, and to use industrial occupations as a source of self-support for the students while pursuing their education. Nothing unique in that? Perhaps

not; but the way in which the plan was carried through to success was decidedly unique.

The search for a site was almost as difficult as the capture of Constantinople, when it was taken by the Turks in 1453. The first parallel towards permanent occupation was the renting of a large house in the village of Bebek, close to Constantinople, but far enough removed to be free from the dirt and dogs, and part of the obstructive domination of that city. Into this building Mr. Hamlin moved in November 4, 1840, taking with him two students and great hopes.

He at once began to work out the salvation of his hopes with boldness and firm resolution, and God evidently wrought with him, to will and to do of His good pleasure. The two students soon increased to twelve. They were Armenians, and the Armenian priest secured a list of their names, with the intention of breaking up the school by force, but Mr. Hamlin outflanked the movement by dismissing the students for a few weeks and sending them home, where, headed by their parents, they brought such influences to bear on the Armenian Patriarch that they soon came back to stay, reinforced by two recruits.

In 1841 the seminary was removed to a larger building in the same village, and the fourteen students became twenty. In 1843 the citadel of the seminary was entered, the great house of Cheleby Yorgaki, a man of wealth who became the friend of Mr. Hamlin, and there he held the fort for many years until he made his final movement for Christian education at Constantinople, the establishment of Robert College.

In the curriculum of the seminary the attainment of the English language was made prominent, and there was a thorough course in mathematics, physics, chemistry, natural and moral philosophy, history and geography, and daily exercise in Bible study. Armenian was studied under an accomplished Armenian professor, and Bebek Seminary took an honorable part in the renaissance of the Armenian language.

A Polytechnic Institute.

Bebek Seminary, guided by the universal genius of Mr. Hamlin (we must soon call him Dr. Hamlin) gradually became the busy center of many industries. The range of activity in the

school — with its industrial annexes — extended from carpentry to chemistry, from the making of rat-traps to mathematics, from sheet-iron work to syllogisms, from milling to moral philosophy, from laundry work on a large scale to the cleansing of lives, and from making bread on a commercial scale to the making of a superior quality of men.

Bebek Seminary, like some other institutions destined to greatness, was founded on faith rather than on invested funds. No; it was founded on Faith and Works. Its founder had to make it, if not from nothing, why, from something next to nothing. He found so many difficulties lying in the path of success, and his methods of overcoming those difficulties were so daring and original, that his missionary associates at Constantinople and the officers of the Board at Boston guardedly gave him permission to carry out his plans, while they stood watching with fear and trembling as to results.

But this Stamboul Samson — strong in mentality rather than in muscle — never was caught napping by his enemies, never permitted himself to be bound by them, never lost his clear vision, never blundered, never turned the jawbone of a man against his enemies except with victorious power, never toppled Bebek Seminary in ruins upon the heads of its inmates; but always by dint of patience, push, shrewdness, practical talent and tireless energy, carried his plans through to success.

Mr. Hamlin had to make, or adapt, many of the mental tools which he used. For use in the seminary he had to translate works on mental and moral philosophy, mathematical works, and other books used by his students. Most of the students came to him poorly clad, and they had very little money with which to meet their expenses. They could not sit at his feet, properly clad, and in their right minds, without material help. How should it be brought about?

He did not ask the Board for means with which to organize an industrial department, but by personal solicitation he secured a small sum of money from English mechanics and engineers in government employ, and providing tools and materials he fitted up a workshop in the basement of the seminary building, where he taught the students to make sheet-iron stoves and stove-pipe.

That percussion orchestra in the basement was far from musical, but it brought in the money. At that date there was hardly a chimney in Constantinople, except in the kitchens, but the faith and works of Mr. Hamlin and his students wrought philanthropic results. Instead of saying to the Turks, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled;" they warmed and filled them. There was also reflex action; for by the profits of the industry the students were warmed and filled. They were able to clothe themselves neatly, and had money for other necessary expenses.

Neither did hand-work hinder head-work. In speaking of it Mr. Hamlin said: "I became fully convinced that two or three hours' work every day, leaving Saturday afternoon free for recreation, was promotive of studious habits, of good morals, and manly character."

Zenope.

Like Sir Humphry Davy, Mr. Hamlin thought that he had discovered an Armenian Faraday — his name was Zenope — who had in him the potential qualities of a great chemist. He made such progress in chemistry that Mr. Hamlin desired to send him to England, where a wealthy manufacturer of drugs had promised to give Zenope a practical training in chemistry, and then to establish him in Constantinople at the head of a drug plant which would surpass anything else in the city.

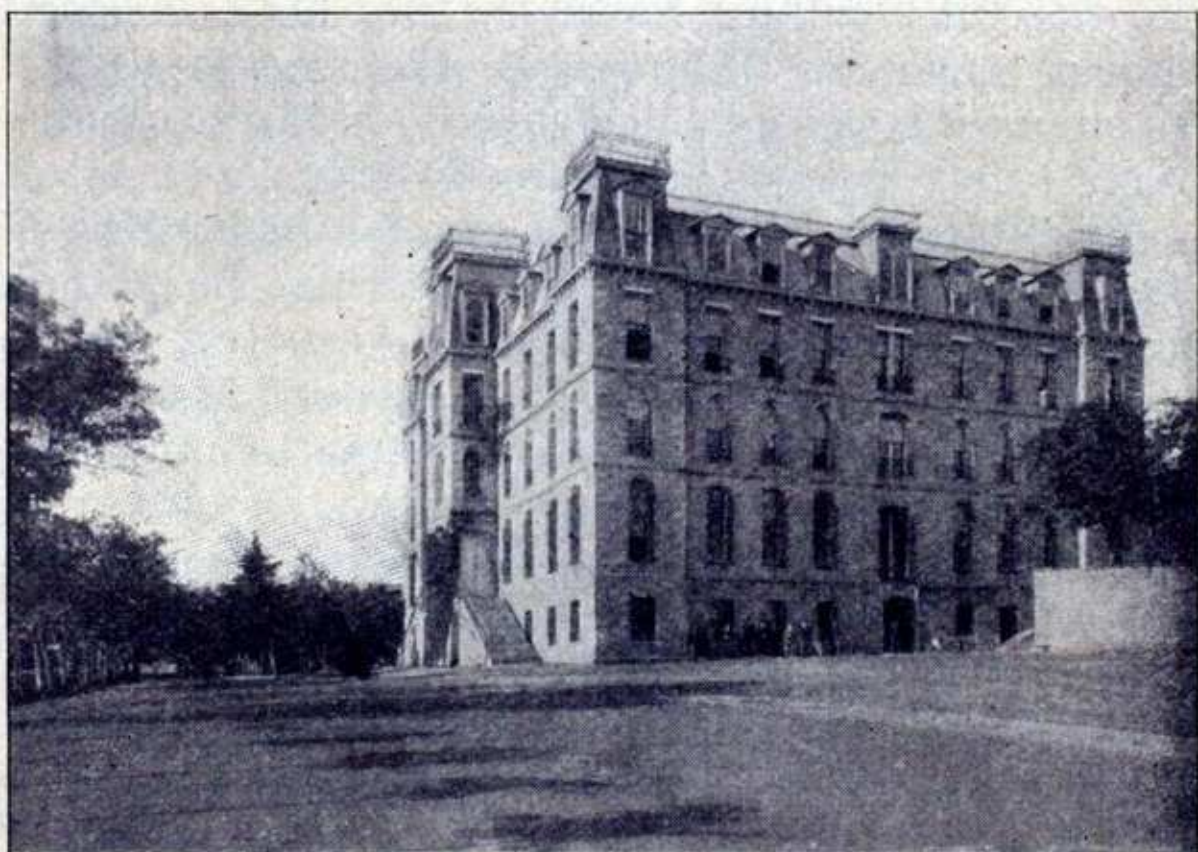
When Mr. Hamlin told the young Armenian of the brilliant opportunities which might be his for the accepting, he was affected even to tears, but more by the kindness of his teacher than by the thought that he must count all things but loss for Christ's sake. Out of a full heart and a deep consecration he said: "You are my father, but I cannot accept it. When I knew Christ as my Saviour, I made a covenant with Him that if He would help me through, I would devote my life as a teacher to my poor countrymen, the Armenians."

His teacher kindly reasoned with him, tried to show him that by making money as a chemist he could help his countrymen, and asked him to pray over it. But after thanking him warmly Zenope replied: "My life is fixed; I cannot change." He had caught the self-sacrificing spirit of his

teacher, and also of that great Teacher at whose feet he had learned lessons of self-denying service; and this Armenian Faraday went to Aintab as a teacher on a salary of but little more than twelve dollars per month, where his labors prepared the way for Aintab College.

Overwhelming Success.

Dr. Hamlin and his students gained such skill in the use of tools that the Turks thought he must be in league with the powers of darkness. They thought that he was a Yankee Satan, and that his workshop was filled with ancillary devils. His missionary associates at Constantinople and the officers of the Board did not share in this opinion, but they gradually and decidedly came to the conclusion that he was leaving the work of God



HAMLIN HALL, ROBERT COLLEGE

too much of the time to serve tables and save students from walking in rags. They told him so; and to bring matters to an issue they told him that industrial work in the seminary must cease. It was as though a committee from Antioch had told Paul that he must cease from making tents. Dr. Hamlin thought that hand and head might work in harmony, for Christ's sake. Every blow struck in the shop was intended to build up the kingdom of Christ. When he devoted part of the day to productive industry it was not that he loved scholastic studies less, but that he loved men more. He wanted to cover the "looped and

windowed raggedness'' of his students, and to provide the means of meeting other necessary expenses while they were gaining an education.

But he caught the complainers with guile. He saved his shop by humor, of which he had a large share. He complied — on paper — with the request to close his shop, but said that it would take two or three weeks to settle accounts and to dispose of tools and materials. In the same communication he told his associates at Constantinople that he had forty-two students, most of whom were dependent on the industrial work carried on in the seminary for the means of support. They were in rags when they came, but they had worked their way out of rags to sartorial decency and a good degree of independence. At the same time their studies had been carried forward with due diligence and gratifying success. He was fully willing, however, that his associates should take on themselves the responsibility of supplying the physical needs of his students. Would they accept the responsibility?

Fancy the smile that crept around the corners of his firm mouth while he was writing this diplomatic statement. Fancy the consternation which fell on his associates when they read it! He says, in speaking of the result: "I believe the note was read, and absolute silence followed, until Dr. Goodell, who could never fail of seeing the humorous side, if there was one, burst into a laugh, and moved that Brother Hamlin take his own way to keep out rags." His industrial annexes were saved — saved to serve, more and more.

Bread on the Bosphorus.

It would require too much time to speak with descriptive fullness of the triumphs of Dr. Hamlin as master of many trades. We must also guard against leaving the impression on any mind that his chief success lay along the line of industrial work. No, he was a Christian Educator, the founder of what has become a great college; and his industrialism was by-play, it was the overplus of his genius, and instead of turning him aside in the least degree from his life work, it was used by him to help forward that work. During the Crimean War he might have become a man of large wealth if he had consented to take army contracts to supply bread on a large scale, but he wished

to give to Turkey such bread as has been supplied by Robert College — bread for the mind and soul.

However, he did cast many thousands of pounds of good wheat bread on the troubled waters of that Eastern war, and he received a speedy and helpful return. There was not a single steam flour-mill in Constantinople. All the flour was ground by horse-mills, or by hand. Could he establish a steam flour-mill and make good bread, all for the glory of God and the good of Bebek Seminary? That small steam engine which he made when a student in Bowdoin College came to his mind, and seemed to beckon him onward. Was it an *ignis-fatuus* which would lead him into a bog of debt, or a Gideon-torch which would lead him on to victory? That success led him to think that he could repeat it on a larger scale, and could make his engine earn money for missionary purposes.

He did not make the engine — Constantinople could not furnish him with mechanical appliances for so great a task — but he showed great enterprise in importing a steam engine and milling machinery from the United States, in casting part of the pipe for the steam connection in his seminary shop, in setting up the engine and the machinery by the help of Ure's Dictionary of the Arts; and after labors which surpassed some of the legendary labors of Hercules he was ready to grind flour.

To some it may seem extravagant to say that Florence Nightingale and Cyrus Hamlin carried off the most enviable honors of the Crimean War, but there is truth in it, if it is not the whole truth. She brought skillful nursing to the wounded soldiers in the hospitals at Scutari, and he brought good bread. How it was done must be told in few words. He dug up a "capitulation" 400 years old, and rubbing the dust out of its eyes he told it to guard his mill. He went back to the taking of Constantinople by Mehmet the Conqueror, and discovered that a number of privileges, called "capitulations," had then been offered to induce people to settle in the captured city which became the capital of the Turkish Empire, and this was one of the privileges: that "every foreign colony settling at the capital should have the right to own its own mill and bakery free from interference from the guilds." He was a foreigner; the com-

munity of students of which he was head was in spirit a foreign colony; might they not have their own mill and bakery?

We must not tell of the skirmishes and battles which soon began to hinder the progress of that stolen march. But events do go forward, even in Turkey, in spite of official obstructions, when they feel the push of a masterful man like Dr. Hamlin; and in due time, having good flour, he was ready to add a new trade to the many which he had then at his command — that of baker.

Might not a chemist make good bread? He had the theory in his head, the next thing was to have the art at his finger ends. Well, he tried it, and this is the way that he speaks of the result. "My bread came out as flat as a pancake, and too sour for mortal man to eat. The next was better, and the third was eatable." With the help of a Grecian bread-maker he was soon selling bread so sweet, so palatable, and so much above the legal weight per loaf, that "Hamlin's bread" became famous.

One day he was invited to visit the Military Hospital at Scutari, which was then filled with sick and wounded soldiers, the physical wrecks of that ill-managed Crimean War. Dr. Mapleton, Lord Raglan's chief physician, said to him: "Are you Hamlin the Baker?"

"No, sir;" replied Dr. Hamlin, "I am the Reverend Mr. Hamlin, an American Missionary."

"That is about as correct as anything I get in this country," said Dr. Mapleton. "I send for a baker and get a missionary. Thank God, I am not a heathen that I should want a missionary."

Before the misunderstanding had gone too far Dr. Hamlin explained how it was that he was both a missionary and a maker of bread; and the result of the conference was that he went away with a contract to supply the hospitals with a large quantity of bread each day at a profitable rate per pound, and yet a rate which was fully one half less than the price which the English Government had been paying for sour bread which the sick soldiers could hardly eat.

The quality of the bread furnished for the hospitals continued to be first-class, but the quantity increased until it was six thousand pounds daily for the hospitals alone, and later it was double that amount. Like the manna in the wilderness

Dr. Hamlin's bread refused to fall on the Sabbath. When this was announced he seemed likely to lose his contract; but owing to the fact that the souls of the soldiers loathed the heavy sour bread which they had formerly eaten, the hospital authorities consented to receive the bread for Sunday on Saturday evening.

Florence Nightingale introduced the bread in hospitals of which she was the ministering angel, and the demand for it increased to such an extent that the mill of the American missionary could grind only a small part of the flour which his contract called for. He bought wheat by the ship-load, and thousands of barrels of flour at a time.

It was Florence Nightingale who insisted that Dr. Hamlin's bread should be retained when Dr. Menzies and a dishonest government purveyor tried to break the contract by spoiling \$500 worth of the bread through fermentation, and by substituting for it bread made of bad materials, that it might be condemned by the commissariat as Dr. Hamlin's bread. The trick succeeded for a time, but when such under-handed meanness was brought to the knowledge of Lord Raglan, he ordered that Dr. Menzies should be dismissed, and that another bread contract should be made with Dr. Hamlin.

That was one of his successful "failures;" for the price of flour rose one-half in the interval when his ovens were having a rest, thus saving him from a large loss. The contract was renewed on terms favorable to Dr. Hamlin, and he not only supplied the hospitals with much more bread than before, but he added to his industries an extensive trade in roasted coffee; he supplied food to Russian prisoners held in Constantinople; he invented and made washing-machines and washed the filthy, vermin-infested garments of British soldiers when the Armenian women whom he had employed refused to wash them by hand; and he might have had other contracts, aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars per year, if he had been inclined to accept them.

But he had gone to Constantinople in the service of Christ, not to take lucrative army contracts; and in all his industrial activity, whether it was teaching a poor Armenian how to make and sell Boston rat-traps for the support of himself and others, or teaching himself how to temper mill-

picks for the dressing of his mill-stones when no one else could or would do it, or making flour, making bread, making stoves — diligently doing a score of things — he was all the time about his Master's business.

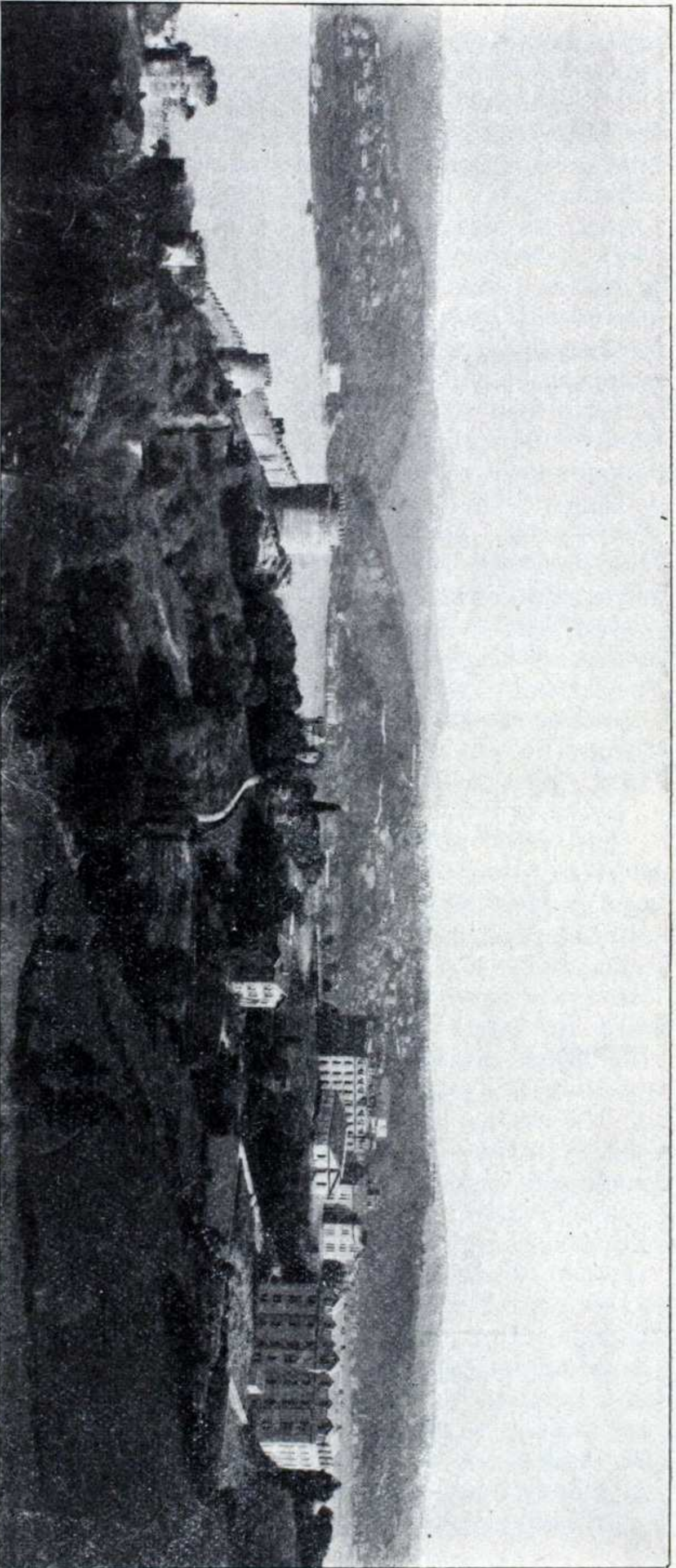
And his Master received all of the profits. Part of the returns were turned into near-by channels, for the support of Bebek Seminary and its students; but with the surplus of \$25,000 he built thirteen churches for the American Board in various parts of the Turkish Empire.

Indeed, he gave for the work of the Board more money than he received as salary during the entire period of his service. Such was not his intention when he went to Constantinople, but his unique personality, following the leadings of Providence, had made him a self-sustaining missionary. But more than that, he enabled scores of young men to gain an education who never could have attained to that blessing had he not taught them to help themselves by various handicrafts. It is said by those who have travelled widely in the Turkish Empire, that here and there, often in very humble houses, the one picture hanging on the wall shows the strong features of Dr. Hamlin, and that if he is not revered as Saint Hamlin in those houses, he is remembered as the wise friend and generous helper of many students who since that time have done the work of men. Bebek Seminary came to an end as an institution, but as a quickening force no one can estimate the extent of its work.

In 1860 it was decided to remove the seminary to Marsovan, and Dr. Hamlin's direct connection with the American Board came to an end, that he might devote his energies to the large work of founding a college at Constantinople.

Robert College.

For more than a year before the removal of Bebek Seminary to Marsovan, Dr. Hamlin had been planning his next and greatest campaign, the establishment of a high-grade college at Constantinople. Then began a ten years' war with the Turks for the possession of a good site for the institution, for he began to search for a site in 1859, and the corner-stone of the college building was not laid until July 4, 1869. He earnestly coveted the best site, a commanding elevation overlooking the Bosphorus, not far from



ROBERT COLLEGE ON THE BOSPHORUS

the city; but "the owner would not treat for it at any price." The Turks were as little in favor of an American college overlooking Constantinople as they would have been of permitting the planting of an American fortress at the mouth of the Dardanelles. A college in the air, as the dream of Dr. Hamlin, they could not prevent, but they were determined to keep his college in the air — if possible. For nearly ten years he walked about Stamboul, not to tell her towers, mark her bulwarks, and consider her palaces, but that he might gain legal possession of some spot where he could erect a tower of Truth from the top of which better things might be seen for Turkey than from any minaret of the capital city.

Twenty-three sites were examined and abandoned, as unsuitable or unattainable. The twenty-fourth site was purchased, "not as entirely satisfactory, but as on the whole the best attainable." But before building operations began, the original site which Dr. Hamlin had tried to purchase some two years before, the commanding site on the heights of Rumeli-Hissar, was offered to him at a reasonable price. He thanked God, took courage, bought the site, and said: "Let us arise and build."

But when preparations for building began, an officer of the Sublime Porte appeared on the scene and politely said to Dr. Hamlin: "Some formalities are still not completed, and you must wait until they are." When the officer was asked how long it would take to complete the formalities, he said: "Perhaps a couple of weeks." But in Turkey, of making many obstructions there is no end, and much waiting becomes a weariness to the flesh. The weeks of waiting ran on into years, until ten years passed by before the site originally selected, and afterwards purchased, could be used. It belonged to the college legally, but the Seraglio would not give Dr. Hamlin permission to begin to build.

But the Sublime Porte could not thus defeat the man from Maine. He retreated to the unused building formerly occupied by Bebek Seminary, and there with a force of teachers he opened Robert College in 1863, so called because Christopher R. Roberts of New York gave considerable sums of money for the establishment of the institution.

It would make too long a story to tell what Dr.

Hamlin did for Robert College during the seventeen years that he gave to it the best work of his life; how he journeyed many thousands of miles to raise funds for it in England and in the United States; how, during the eight years that the college did its work within the insufficient premises of the former Bebek Seminary the attendance increased until there were scores of applicants who could not be received for lack of room; how the visit of Admiral Farragut to Constantinople in 1868 was construed by Sultan Abdul Aziz as a possible threat that the United States would use force in the interests of Robert College, and an imperial rescript was hastily granted, placing the property and rights of the college on a secure basis; how, in 1871, the college moved into the fine building which Dr. Hamlin had planned and erected for it on the heights of Rumeli-Hissar; and how, after toiling for the establishment of the college for seventeen years like a Hercules, and teaching in it like a Socrates, Dr. Hamlin's connection with it came to a sudden end — no one knows just why — except, perhaps, that two masterful men, Dr. Hamlin and Mr. Roberts, came to a point where they could not work in full harmony.

Still Pressing Forward.

His connection with Robert College came to an end in 1877, and was one of the severest trials of his life. He could have died for Robert College with joy, if his death would have advanced its interests, but to live apart from an institution into which he had put so much work and about which his brightest earthly hopes clustered — how could he adjust himself to that? He coveted work, work for which he was eminently fitted, and in which he found joy. Leopold says, "Wouldst thou discover Nature's true path to happiness? Listen to her first command: Labor! The hours fly swiftly to him who has daily occupation; and lifetime creeps slowly away with the idle."

All his life long Dr. Hamlin had found joy in work, in bringing things to pass, and for seventeen years he had been doing something which was worthy of the best that was in him, and had received his best. He thought that it was a work which, for a time, might tempt a soul to forego the bliss of heaven. The writer heard him say at a meeting of the American Board, that the time of

his departure from this world was at hand; and that after entering the New Jerusalem and looking at the glories of the heavenly city for a short time, he would like to make a straight shoot for Constantinople.

It was easy to speak thus to a sympathetic audience when the disappointments of life lay beneath him, and he was "close upon the shining table-lands to which our God Himself is moon and sun;" but to be banished from Constantinople and from Robert College when he had yet about twenty-five years to live on earth, still full of life and activity — how could he endure it?

How nobly he did endure it his after life abundantly testified, but in this sketch only a few paragraphs can be given to the narration.

Though cast down by what might almost be termed his eviction from Robert College, Dr. Hamlin evidently was not destroyed. With admirable resiliency of spirit he wrote his book, "Among the Turks," in the first three months after passing through what he termed one of the great "defeats" of his life — the one just mentioned — but in that book one cannot detect a single note of defeat. Indeed, he dipped his pen in sunshine; and down to the close of his life his letters and his literary productions glowed with delightful humor and sparkled with brilliant wit. The book by which he will be longest remembered, "My Life and Times," is one of the raciest and most readable autobiographies in American literature.

Because this preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge. Not only did he find out many acceptable words, even words of truth, words that are — as Lowell puts it — like nails in temple walls to hang armor on; but for nearly a decade of the remaining years of his life two institutions of learning profited by his gifts as teacher and administrator. For three years he filled the chair of theology in Bangor Theological Seminary; and for five years he was President of Middlebury College in Vermont, lifting that institution out of debt and discouragement to an assured position of strength and usefulness.

The last fifteen years of his life on earth he dwelt in his own house in Lexington, Massachusetts, still preaching from time to time the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which

concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him, but many listening to him with great pleasure and profit.

God was pleased to take him to Himself, full of years and honors, without the weary waiting of lingering illness. His friends brought abundant laurels while he was yet living. On his eighty-ninth birthday, some twenty-five of his friends in Boston, including officers of the American Board and Woman's Board, tendered to him, his wife, and his daughter, Emma, a luncheon at the Bellevue Hotel, Boston, and there around the table they praised him and his work so heartily and sincerely that his boyish propensity to blush easily came back to him and made him delightfully uncomfortable, but did not tie his tongue nor quench his humor. In June of the same year he was guest of honor at the Centennial of Middlebury College, where he made an address, was greeted with great applause, and the nearly nonagenarian ex-president, scorning the offered help of horses and wheels, marched in the procession with the tread of a veteran soldier.

Indeed, he was able to march until he met death. On August 7, 1900, he attended a family reunion of the Hamlin and Washburn families, twenty members of four generations being present; and on the next day he attended the celebration of Old Home Day at Portland, Maine. He was the last speaker that evening in the Second Parish Church, of which he became a member in his apprentice days, and where he had been ordained to the work of Christian missions sixty-three years before. He returned after the meeting to the house of his nephew, Cyrus H. Farley, where he was to be guest; but on ascending the stairs he was seized with severe pains — the last struggles of a brave but enfeebled heart — and within half an hour he was guest with God on high, no more to go out forever.

Prospice.

From the white summit of his ninety years,
He bravely looked on life — behind, before:—
The Bosphorus, though once a distant shore,
Seemed near at hand; and all his former fears,
His many toils, his "failures," and his tears,
Were inter-shot with sunshine, more and more,
Until, bow-like and bright, they arched him o'er,
Prophetic of his life's unspent arrears.

Then, looking forward to that blessed land
Where Love abides, and Faith is lost in sight,
Trusting in God, he took Death's offered hand,
And passed into that land of endless light,
Where all his powers shall find such full employ
That life will bring to him unceasing joy.

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